

Slipper Comes Once A Year

Origin of Golden Slipper

From a stunt night put on by the upperclassmen to entertain the freshmen to the breathtaking entrances of today with all the students participating — that is the growth of Golden Slipper. Miss Ethel Adams, retired Dean of Students, is responsible for having started Golden Slipper on the GSCW campus in 1935. It seemed to her that the freshmen (about 600 at that time) were extremely homesick, especially Fall Quarter. Classes were so large students could not easily get to know each other well. Girls who were away from home for the first time really had it rough. To give freshmen something to occupy and entertain them, the first Golden Slipper was held. Upperclassmen planned and presented a program, mainly stunts, to the audience composed entirely of freshmen.

The idea went over so well with the student body that Golden Slipper was continued as a contest between freshmen and sophomores. For a time the competition was entirely between these two classes. Then juniors and seniors became interested in their sister classes and helped them, and the classes elected faculty sponsors who gave them encouragement and guidance.

The programs consisting of stunts gradually gave way to ones made up of poems, short stories, and then plays. All students sat

in the auditorium (freshmen and juniors on one side; sophomores and seniors on the other). The sides of the auditorium were decorated, sometimes quite extravagantly. The first entrance in 1943 was quite a blow to the opposing class. They were wondering why the other students weren't in their seats when suddenly they came in the back door singing one of their theme songs. In later years the play was replaced entirely by the entrance.

The first Slipper ever presented was an old silver shoe donated by a student and painted gold. Miss Ethel purchased the present Slipper (pewter base, gold plating) in an antique shop in New York, and when she retired in 1948, she had a new gold wash put on it.

Golden Slipper has been and is for the students. However, faculty members attended and enjoyed it very much. Then the alumnae began to attend and even changed Homecoming to Slipper Weekend.

Parents became interested and Slipper grew to what it is today. As long as Golden Slipper carries out the purposes for which it was started, changes which occur are welcome. Those purposes are: to help students get acquainted with each other, the faculty, and other students; to develop good sportsmanship (lose gracefully, win modestly); to discover po-

grams. "We tape-record the songs each year and have them put on a disc so that the Alumnae can brush up on their Slipper songs," Miss Bethel states. "Then the classes usually congregate in the S. U. and sometimes standing on the tables, sing their Slipper songs." In the S. U. the alumnae also meet old friends and acquaintances.

Past graduates usually like to see their favorite professors. Most professors will probably be in their offices Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. Alumnae also seem to enjoy just being on campus, seeing their favorite haunts, and feeling "in the swing of things". They like to wander around campus and see the changes that have taken place since they were here — for example, the rebuilding and improvement of Terrell Proper and the Day Students Lounge.

Although they will not be in costume, the alumnae will relive their Slipper days in the display of old Slipper programs to be posted on the bulletin board outside the registrar's office in Parks Hall. In addition to the alumnae, many present students have expressed interest in such a display. The programs include Kingsize, Melting Pot, Uncle Remus, and all the others. The programs to be on display date back to the early 1940's.

The class flags have been laundered and pressed and plans are being made for a flag-raising. Class secretaries will be in charge of any official class get-togethers.

tentialities; and to develop initiative among the students of GSCW.

considering the progress that we have shown, I just don't see how we can lose. I have faith in both classes."

Chairman

Tonight at 8:00 in Russell Auditorium marks the beginning of our thirty-first annual Golden Slipper contest — the climax of two weeks of much planning, hard work, and an ever-growing slipper spirit.

This year the girls who have been chosen to lead the freshmen and junior classes are Cathy McLean, a freshman, and Barbara Jean Vining, a junior. Gracie Roland and Elpie Parrish are serving as general co-chairmen for the sophomores and seniors.

Each group of classes elected sixteen other persons, eight from each class, to serve as co-chairmen of the eight permanent committees. The freshmen-junior co-chairmen with their respective committees are as follows:

Entrance — Peggy Dowda, Sharon Elkins; flats — Edith Moore, Mary Dodd Ellis; costumes — Mary Elizabeth Darden, Patsy Williams; songs — Cindy Bender, Susanne Rockette; programs — Sara Stembidge, Sue Jackson; posters — Winn Fasold, Eve Meacham; typing — Joy James, Betty Jeanes; display — Kay Moss, Margaret Giddings.

The sophomores and seniors chose as their committee co-chairmen the following girls:

Entrance — Frances Mitchell, Christine Chandler; props — Lynn Meade, Shirley Mell; costumes — Sylvia Butler, Virginia Coker; songs — Mary Nelle Proctor, Barbara Dame; programs — Kay Bryant, Pat Wright; posters — Pat Edwards, Lee Strozier; typing — Joan Roper, Judy Boatwright; and display — Mariella Glynn, Genie Norman.

After one week of work each general chairman was asked her opinion as to how she thought Golden Slipper was coming along. Said Cathy McLean, "For weeks now we have been told by the juniors, 'We can't tell you about Slipper. It's something you must experience for yourself.' Well, we are now experiencing Golden Slipper in every way. The spirit and cooperation of every girl just can't be beat."

Barbara Jean Vining agreed with her co-chairman. "Ideas are 'popping out all over,' and both freshmen and juniors are really getting into the spirit of Slipper. I am very fortunate to be able to experience such a memorable two weeks. The fellowship of the classes is something indescribable."

Gracie Roland says that "... with ingenuity and know-how, the crimson classes are going after that Slipper. Tangible or intangible, we'll win that Golden Shoe." Elpie Parrish put it this way, "With the sophs and seniors working together as we have done and

and entrance. Faculty, parents, and alumnae may receive complimentary tickets for each night's performance. 100 faculty tickets will be allotted per night; 100 alumnae, 500 parents, and 40 special guests. 600 seats will be reserved for stu-

ents.

Students will have a maximum

of two tickets. The tickets will

designate the date of performance.

These tickets must be present at

the door before 7:50 p.m.

Each group may hold a pep meeting on Saturday afternoon from 3:00 to 5:00 to practice songs and make needed repairs on props and costumes. No changes will be allowed in the entrance. No parties will be held on Friday night so that students may go to bed early.

Engulfing Spirit

Even more real than the slipper is the spirit of Golden Slipper. By subjecting this engulfing spirit to dispersion through the GSCW spectrum, the components of this light ray of Slipper can be known.

Radiating through the opposite side of the spectrum are the vivid, colorful pep meetings, the wearing of class colors and rat hats, the unfurling of the flags, and most significantly, each individual's feeling concerning Slipper.

For the past two weeks the sister classes have had pep meetings each night after supper, with these meetings lasting approximately an hour. From the meetings emerged much fun and laughter, but most importantly, emerged a feeling of togetherness. This general feeling of unity has also shown itself in the wearing of rat hats and class colors. The number of people donning the rat hats has not been as large as it could have been, but the number sporting the class colors has been quite a bit larger. It has looked good to see blotches of either red, black, purple, or green trotting over the campus, for this type of unity, even in dress, creates part of the spirit of Golden Slipper.

Dr. Hicks is all for the slipper contest. She feels that it is one of the most creative endeavors any campus could sponsor. It challenges the imagination, originality, and creativity of every girl and tends to discover talent that otherwise might remain latent. Dr. Hicks also feels that Golden Slipper provides an atmosphere for keen competition culminating in a grand evening of gaiety and good sportsmanship.

Dr. Walston also radiates the good spirits and enthusiasm which are even more of a veritable part of GSCW during this season. Win or lose, the bonds of friendship uniting all Jessies are made unbreakable through Golden Slipper.

Changes

The changes in this year's Golden Slipper have been announced by the College Government President, Peggy Eubanks. Golden Slipper will be held on Friday and Saturday nights with two sets of judges. Each set will contain three judges secured by the President of C.G.A. The first set of judges for Friday night will seal their decision in an envelope which will be given to the Dean of Students for safe keeping. On Saturday night the points will be totaled and the slipper will be presented to the winning classes by the President of College Government Association.

The two main features to be judged are publicity and the theme. Publicity will receive 21%; 14% for display and 7% for the posters. The theme will receive 19%; 29% for songs, 26% for programs, and 45% for costumes.

Even though these physical manifestations seen through the spectrum promote the Golden Slipper spirit, the most significant creator of spirit lies within each individual's doing her best and putting herself wholly into her particular task. If each individual person is able to do this, the overall spirit of Slipper will be above mediocre in standard.

The spirit of Slipper is real, as real as the display, posters, and all the material objects which comprise the entrance and finale. This engulfing spirit is the nucleus of Slipper!

The Colonade

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PENNED BY PENN

The resident students at Lebanon Valley College are currently being governed under a new demerit system that was instituted this year at the request of the students themselves.

Under the new method a violation of a minor rule automatically gives the offender a stated number of demerits. It is not necessary for each case to be presented before the executive board. A woman student appears before the board only after she has accumulated ten demerits. She is again called for a hearing when she has accumulated ten and twenty-one demerits.

Upon violation of a major rule of the college or an accumulation of twenty-five demerits, the offender will be charged with a major offense and will be given a major penalty. A woman may acquire a maximum of thirty-five demerits at which time the most severe disciplinary action will be taken.

Instead of posting a list of demerits in the dormitories each week, a printed form stating the offense will be filled in by the plaintiff, signed by the offender and kept on file in the office of the dean.

Do you realize that the demerit system is used in the majority of universities and colleges in the United States? This fact was especially "brought home" to the GSCW delegates who attended the Stetson Conference last spring, but do you realize how fortunate GSCW is to have this system that we possess? The elasticity of it? The generosity of it? The liberality of it? When one goes before House Council or Judiciary at GSCW, she is not just delegated a certain punishment according to a certain offense—but, her attitudes, her background, her whys and her reasons are considered; and most important of all—she is not given a punishment. She is given a Corrective Measure, so that she can be helped to help herself. How wonderful it is that a student at GSCW is not just "Case 3", but an individual!

Yes, we are fortunate to have the excellent "judicial" system we have on this campus. And we have "superiorities" in other areas, too; but last week something happened that deserves the serious attention of every student on this campus: It was announced Monday night at taps that henceforth no Sanford girl would wear sports clothes or socks over to main campus on Sundays. Now, in the first place, it is fair to penalize Sanford students just because they happen to live off campus and are not among the fortunate ones who live on back campus? One can be certain there are girls living in Sanford who did not choose that dormitory anyway; they were placed there. Also, when one wishes to study on Sunday nights in Lanier, why should a Sanford Student be forced to wear uncomfortable clothes?

However, this is not the point. What is the point is: From whom or what organization did this edict come? Should not the students concerned have been consulted first? We are considered adult college students and are able to listen to reason, as we are able to give sensible viewpoints. And if we are not fully mature yet, it is only through giving and taking and listening to and giving reason that we will ever grow and develop into maturity. Who should have the power to declare such a rule? Should College Government? the Dean of Students? House Council? This is very definitely a point that should be cleared up on our campus. We need to know our boundaries.

As this is the last issue this quarter, the COLONNADE wishes for every GSCW student, faculty member, and administrative officer—a Thanksgiving of warmth and happiness; a Christmas of love, fellowship, and thankfulness, and a New Year that looks only to a brighter and more spiritually prosperous future.

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

(II Corinthians 9:6)

There is no one so poor that he cannot give of brotherly love, of kindness, tolerance, consideration, and a helping hand to someone less fortunate. The more we give and the more gladly we give in His name, the more we shall receive.

FIDELITY . . . TO WHAT?

by Lucy Robinson
Man cannot serve two masters . . . lest he despise one . . .

Students sit in meeting after meeting, eight to fifteen times a week, deplored the necessity for such numerous gatherings and imploring that something be done to halt their sliding academic standing.

They sit eye to eye with a law of diminishing returns: we give so much of our time and talents and have so little left to preserve the purpose for which we came to college—to grow intellectually.

They sit in an imbalance of school, learning, family and friends playing a familiar score whose title they know so well—Prelude To Paranoia. Each note is struck with unforgettable clarity for some of these people have been playing for two, three, and four years. Yet they play on like Freudian frenetics with a frustrated fidelity—to what?

While pondering some possible reasons for divided loyalties the words of Macaulay come to mind, "His joy and his grief . . . were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity." Students allow themselves to be pulled in so many directions simultaneously it is small wonder that they present anything but "a phlegmatic serenity."

One student stares with genuine incredulity at the multiplicity of verbs to conjugate over the weekend, and promptly goes to Lake Laurel with a skill group to spend the night.

Another student upholds Slipper presidents, fights long and loud for a one night stand then washes her hands of the whole business while going down in minority defeat. But guess who succumbed to professional flattery and platitudinous altruism to work on every committee known to man?

Here sits still another young lady worrying about graduate school while pulling bare C's in undergraduate school. Little does she see that her peptic palpitations are precipitated somewhat by frequent frolics with the KA brotherhood. Certainly no one would minimize the importance of activities beyond book covers, but the imbalance remains so long as the tail continues to shake the dog.

Somewhere, somehow the crescendo of the Prelude must give way to diminuendo lest it become a dirge of self. Paranoiac fidelity may become a parasite on the soul.

Man cannot serve two masters . . . lest he despise one . . .

CREATION

by Roslyn Barnes

Two billion earth-years ago—and the dream of creation is caught, a trembling, dark, palpable thing, in the iron grasp of the young God. His fingers are tense, taut-ridged with muscles and pulsing veins, as they compress the vision into that unknown energy, whose depths are night-imaged in the conceptions of man.

The primordial force, condensed into a fluid, fitfully surges against the braced hands. At last, aching from the barely-held grasp, the God unclutches his fingers. The viscous globe of neutrons, free of the encompassing force, shatters into violent, eccentric hurl. The fitful God held becomes, within seconds, a vast sphere whose curves slash through space in bold overture to an unheard symphony—a symphony whose music is so concentrated that sons later, men perceive it and call it "matter."

In the throes of this Great Expansion, the properties of the plastic mass God clasped suffer space-change. Each infinitesimal neutron, in the delirium of being free, fissions into the opposing positive and negative forces which the Deity's strong fingers had pressured into a single particle. Yet there exists between the two components an attraction, compelling and inexplicable in its power.

Obsessed by the desire to fling toward the margins of space, dominated by the strange, alluring force, the torn distorted neutron transmutes into a hydrogen atom. Around the proton nucleus orbits the negative force—existing, pulsating, in some unknown state between matter and energy. Toward the dense core of the tortured, heaving globe, frenzied neutrons burst apart, and the fragments—protons and electrons—coalesce into such atoms as sulfur, uranium, gold.

The God, keen-eyed, alert, strides through his world of dust and night, of obscure and powerful forces. He casts aside the titanic, diffuse clouds of hydrogen gas, sends them hurtling through space, to which they impart the qualities of dimension and time. The cosmic haze, dust-cllicked with the heavier elements, eddies into fragments, which, drowned in nothingness, are borne helplessly toward the very edges of creation. Beneath the inexorable subtle urging of gravitation, these nebulae condense into star-drifts, unnumbered universes—and galaxies spiral down the curving vacuums of space.

An Invite

by Cathy Wiygul

There's going to be a meeting in Ldnier on Monday Night,

And I, on behalf of C.G.A., Issue each a formal invite.

We hope you'll accept, for without you it won't be complete.

And just to let you know we mean it — We're reserving each a seat.

Of course it might be on the floor or in the window sill.

But wouldn't it be great to see the room just over-filled?

"Great" because it would be a sign that what we believe is true—

Our college government is made by you, and you, and you!

WELCOME

All Alumnae and
Returning Jessies

November 20, 1959

THE COLONNADE

Thanksgiving Of Long Ago

Two billion earth-years ago—and the dream of the year when tables are weighed down with an abundance of good food and when hearts are filled with thanks and praises to God. Long ago this day was celebrated as much as Christmas is celebrated today.

When the apples were all gathered and the cider was made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from the hills of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the task of reducing it into a state for use was deemed one of the appropriate labors of childhood. Even the very salt that was used in cooking was rock salt, which had to be washed and dried and pounded and sifted before it became fit for use.

As for pies—they were made for forties and fifties and hundreds, and made of everything on the earth and under the earth. Besides the old traditional mince pie, there were pumpkin pies, cranberry pies, huckleberry pies, cherry pies, green-currant pies; peach, pear, and plum pies, custard pies, apple pies, pudding pies. There were pies with top crusts, and pies without; pies adorned with all sorts of fancy frillings, and architectural strips laid across and around, and

cloves, and the sound of this otherwise varied. The kitchen was a scene of hustling activity. Mother, and Grandmother and the Aunts were all in ecstasies of creative inspiration—mixing, rolling, tasting, consulting, alternately setting the children to work and then chasing them all out of the kitchen when they ventured too many liberties with sacred mysteries. In the corner of that great kitchen during all these days, the jolly old oven roared and crackled in great volcanic billows of flame, snapping and gurgling as if the old fellow entered the house with joy into the frolic of the hour; and then, his great heart being once warmed up, he brooded over endless pies and cakes, which went in raw and came out cooked, till dressers and shelves and pantries were literally crowded with a jostling abundance.

Great as the preparations were for the dinner, everything was so planned that not a single soul in the house should be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church and from listening to the Thanksgiving sermon. When sermons and prayers were all over, everyone rushed home to see the great feast of the year spread. But who can do justice to that dinner, and describe the turkey and chickens, and chicken pies, with all that endless variety of vegetables which were all piled together in jovial abundance upon the hug table. After the meat came the plum puddings and then the endless array of pies until no one could possibly eat anymore.

Then a sudden hush settled over the table as Grandfather rose at the head of the table and offered his prayer of thanks:

I'm thankful for all good with which

I've been blessed throughout life.

For hardships, and for heart-aches, too,

For failures, trials and strife.

I'm thankful for each little prayer

Someone has said for me;

For loving thoughts, for friend-lines,

For all good will I see.

My thanks for hands, with which I could

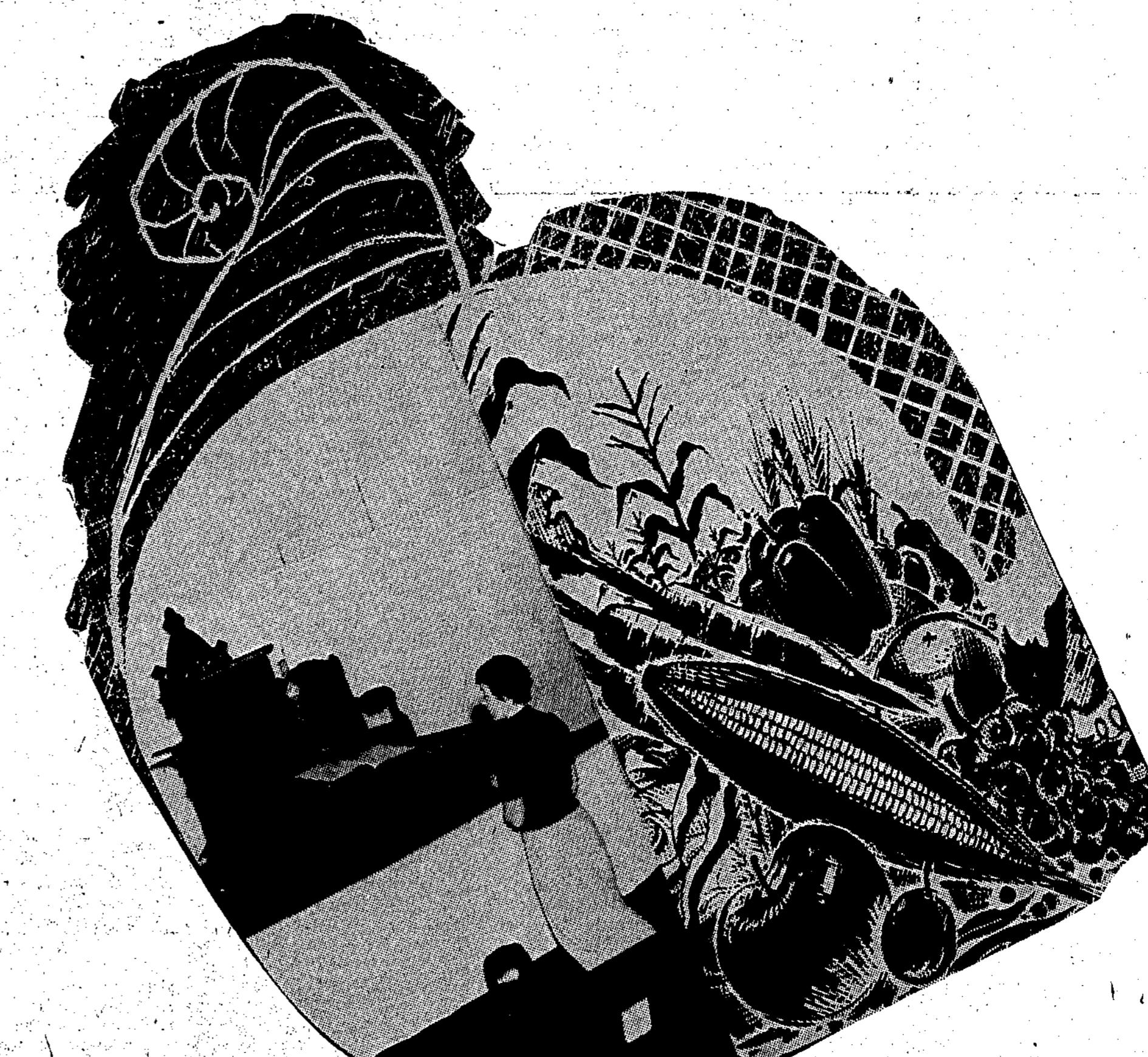
Serve someone on life's way;

For all small deeds of kindness I'm allowed to do each day. I'm thankful for all happiness, Each long hour of deep sorrow; God thus in his great mercy gives More wisdom for tomorrow.

A. R. Gronos

Dinner being cleared away, the youngsters tumbled into the best room under the supervision of Uncle Bill to enjoy a game of "blind-man's bluff," while the elderly women washed up the dishes and got the house in order, and the men went out to the barn to look at the cattle and walked over the farm and talked of the crops. Later in the evening the house was all open and lighted, for the great Thanksgiving dance. With the fiddles playing and the couples whirling in the Virginia reels, the scene must have been wonderful to behold! Promptly at nine o'clock, the whole scene dissolved and melted; for what well-regulated village would think of carrying fetivities beyond that late hour?

Thus ended the Thanksgiving of long ago.



"It Is More Blessed To Give Than To Receive"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Social Activities Committee of the YWCA has planned, as a community project for November, to help some of the needy families of Milledgeville by contributing food for their Thanksgiving dinner. The purpose of this project is to aid some of the families who are in financial circumstances of four

student will be given the opportunity to carry her gift of food to the altar and kneel to pray, leaving her contribution at the altar. The food will then be placed in baskets and taken to the families by members of the YWCA. Girls have been encouraged to bring something from home or

their sack suppers. Every can of food, loaf of bread, or piece of fruit will help fill the baskets.

This project was sponsored by the "Y" several years ago with much success. The "Y" is anticipating generous cooperation again this year. If there is enough enthusiasm, a similar project may become an annual project.

Rockett Reveals

With Golden Slipper and all the noise, Jessies find little time for study and boys, But there are a few who've found the time To supply the info for this little rhyme.

Ginger Lide's Larry will spend the Thanksgiving holidays at Ginger's house in Decatur.

Claudia Hughes and Susanne Rockett found neat dates at the Scholarship Dance. They're from Fort Benning and came back again last Sunday.

Joan Puckett and Patricia Hobbs had a fabulous time at the University of Georgia last weekend. Seems they saw lots of former Jessies there.

Kay Holland received a phone call from Texas A & M on her birthday. (His name is Ronnie!)

Ray Ellis came down to see Nancy Ogletree this weekend. Looks like they're mighty serious!

Jane Borom will get to see her Bill all during Thanksgiving holidays. Congratulations, Jane.

Jo Dunahoo went to Athens for the Auburn game. We hear that the University's big attraction for Jo is named Terrell Benton.

Cathy Penn had a terrific blast in New York. She met a darling boy named Bob Kampf — Can't be love?

We're tickled pink about some of our old classmates who'll be coming back for Slipper. Let's really roll out the Red Carpet for them.

Club News

Sigma Alpha Iota
Sigma Alpha Iota held its initiation service for the new members and patronesses Sunday, November 15th, at 3:00 p.m. in the music building. The new members are Barbara Ellerbee, Claudia Hughes, Vera Scarborough, and Gwen Walker. The patronesses that were initiated are Mrs. Robert McCandless and Miss Jessie Allen. All members, patronesses, alumnae, and advisors took part in the service.

The new members and patronesses were honored with a lovely banquet held at the Sanford House Sunday night. Toasts were made to the new members, alumnae, patronesses, and advisors by the old members. The pledge cup was awarded to Vera Scarborough for being the outstanding pledge of the year.

A Cappella Choir

This year the GSCW A Cappella Choir will be celebrating its anniversary. The choir was organized twenty-five years ago, under the direction of Dr. Noah. Since that time the choir has made extensive tours of other states and is planning a trip to Miami this year.

In preparation for the tour the program has been revised and additional numbers added. "Come Holy Spirit", arranged and harmonized by Boris Levenson; "Hear Us O Father", arranged from J. S. Bach's Prelude No. 8 by Lue Alice Keller; "This Day Christ Is Born", music by Domingo Santa Cruz; and "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor", music by Irving Berlin, words Emma Lazarus are just a few of the selections that will be used in concerts.

The members of choir hope to make this year, the 25th Anniversary of the GSCW A Cappella, the best ever.

COLLEGE DEPT. STORE
Clothes and Shoes
for College Students

Lights Out At 12?

Lights out or no lights out? The reasons for both are varied and all seem to have sound bases. But this is a problem which will require more than a "yes" or a "no" to solve it.

A majority of the students say no. The most frequent reason for studying purposes. Wahnta Garland said, "No." We don't have enough time for studying as it is."

Carol Wilbanks furthered this by relating some of her experiences at Mercer. They had lights out at 12:00, but most of the girls would be up at 4:00 a.m. to finish their studying.

Carol Burks believes it would mean the breaking down of the Honor System. Everyone would have her own private flashlight and the clothes closet would become a reasonably busy place. All the little ways that would be found to get around this rule would lead to the breaking of others.

"Just not enough time for anything," was Glenda Council's reason. Extracurricular activities are important to our college life, just as our studies are. Often times it's imperative to be up after 12:00.

Besides the things that are done for the school there are things we like to do for our own relaxation.

tion. Reading, movies, sports and other recreational activities are very important for our health and enjoyment, was Jean Burton's point.

Then on the other hand there are quite a few who want lights out.

Rosalyn Dingler thinks it would be best for the students to have lights out at 12:00 on study nights. Students who want to sleep are kept awake by others who are only partying or wasting the time. However, she thinks there should be no lights out on weekends.

Judy Walker's statement was short and to the point. "Too Noisy."

Faye Park's idea was to have lights out at 12:00 but for it to be possible for students who had to study to get special permission for late lights.

Others had no objections to lights out at all, believing there was plenty of time for all things before 12:00.

Genelda Vines felt there should be a time set for lights out but that it should be a little later, perhaps 12:30 or 1:00.

These are only a few opinions on a question which affects all of us. How do you feel about lights out?

Dody Snow Chosen Representative To 1960 White House Conference

was selected as an alternate by the American Home Economics Association.

This is a very high honor for any home economics student. There only three delegates from the United States selected. There were also a list of alternates chosen.

Dody has proven how capable she is in the field of home economics. She is an active member of the Clara Hasslock home economics club. For her contributions to her field, she was also selected to be in Phi Upsilon Omicron, the national home economics professional fraternity. She serves as chaplain of this organization.

As a member of Phi Sigma and the International Relations Club, Dody has shown her good scholastic record.

Dody is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Snow of Porterdale, Georgia.

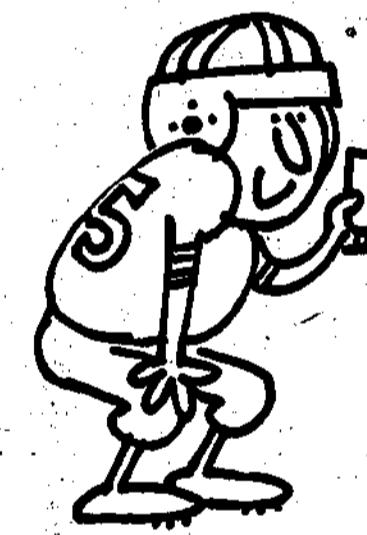


Dorothy Snow

Dody Snow has recently been chosen as alternate to the White House Conference. This conference is only held every ten years. Children and Youth will be the main topic to be discussed at this meeting in the spring.

Dody was nominated by the faculty of the home economics department of GSCW. Later, she

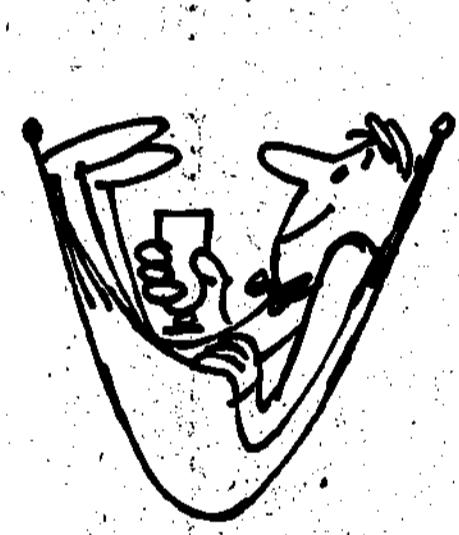
MILLER'S 5¢ to \$1.00
STORE
Something for Everyone

TANG! New breakfast drink you can keep in your room!

JOE FOOTBALL: TANG has a real wake-up taste for great get-up-and-go on the football field. I drink two glasses every morning — and watch out!



SALLY SORORITY: TANG is really great mornings. I always have a jar in my room; it's so much easier than squeezing or unfreezing orange juice.



LAZY LARRY: I have such trouble getting up for breakfast that a fast glass of TANG gets me through my first class so I can have a late breakfast.



HELEN HOME EC.: TANG is the perfect breakfast drink. It contains more Vitamin C and A than orange juice and is so handy to store on any shelf.

NEW! INSTANT!

Just mix with cold water!



**MORE VITAMIN C
THAN ORANGE JUICE!**

A product of General Foods Kitchens

NEW

WANTED: Characters and captions for campus TANG-ites (like above). Must relate to TANG. Will pay \$25 for every entry used.

Address: TANG College Contest, Dept. CRM, Post Division, Battle Creek, Mich. (Entries must be postmarked before Dec. 15, 1959.)

GET TANG FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF SOON

TANG has real wake-up taste, more vitamin C than fresh or frozen orange or grapefruit juice. Plus vitamin A. TANG keeps without refrigeration so you can keep TANG right in your room.